

MAY.

BY P. B. WEST.

How shall we welcome May.

What offering shall we bring?

For annual gifts and rich display

Of flowers now brushed by apis wing.

For pleasant thoughts and reflex hours—

May smiles in sunshine, frowns in showers!

We love the smiling May,

With its coronals of flowers,

Now fragrant *Lonicera* braids

Fresh wreaths for summer bowers,

While violet banks, and cowslips rare,

With odors scent the balmy air.

On a high and pendant perch,

Now fringed with living green,

'Midst tassels of the birch,

Through interstices seen—

The Oriole in safe retreat,

A song of joy will there repeat.

Softly as vespers fall

To cheer the fainting soul,

So thy sweet influence, May,

As changing seasons roll—

Reminder of the changing life

When calmed and soothed is nature's strife.

The breeze comes gently where

In winter Boreas reigned,

The life-blood quickning there

By kindling warmth retained—

The incense of grateful hearts we bring

To thine altar, fairest month of Spring.